



ALL-NEW 1975 WINTER-SPECIAL

THE 1975

# SCREAM

WINTER SPECIAL

all original  
1975 winter  
YEARBOOK

NEW  
**NOSFERATU**  
**THE AXE**  
**MURDERESS**  
and  
**the saga of the**  
**VICTIMS**  
**I AM A**  
**MONSTROSITY**

ALL NEW HORROR  
STORIES AND FEATURES

**THE EXORCIST**

and

**YOU CAN'T JUDGE A  
KILLER BY THE CORPSE!**  
plus all-original tales of horror  
terror and EVIL!

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The Horror-Mood Pioneers  
present an original illustrated novel!

# WEREWOLF



# **SCREAM**

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• ИРДАЧЕСТАВ МАСТЕРСТВОВ

Journal Home Page

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The date of the family record in Neophytes' Gazette (1839-1915) when she was an unmarried child - Sept 1842 is however an odd month ... page 4

You can't judge a  
Killer by the Corpse

People DO judge the criminal by his actions, which is a greatly mistake in the case of this BALKS and the CSEF/CE competition... (line 18)

## The Breeder

Consequently, your health, best care & always your doctor, the **Healthcare team** ... good for you.

# The Exorcist

A photograph showing all the stages during all the experiments - Figure 22

**The Saga of the Victims**  
Chapter 8 in the continuing saga of 2 heroic young girls, *Abigail* and *Julia*, as they search for a missing child.



# NOSFERATU

CHAPTER 8.

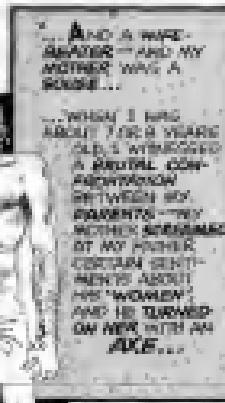
NOSFERATU HAS SEVEN GUARDS IN HIS FORTRESS CASTLE—BEFORE MORNING ALL THESE GUARDS ARE TOLD THAT NOSFERATU WILL NOT GO OUT AND TALK TO THEM AND TALK TO A BALD CAVIAR OR WINE—BUT HE CAN ALREADY SPOT THEM FAR AWAY AND THEN DROPS POMACE WHICH WILL SET UNHAPPINESS TO HAVE YET TO BREAK ONE GUARD AND IS COMMANDED TO KILL HIMSELF—CATS ARE BORN AND REARED IN ENGLAND—THE ONLY ANIMALS BE A VULTURE—WHO CAN LEAVE CHINA—AND THE ONE WHOSE ANTEATER CHARACTER YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY TO HEAR THE SLOW COME BACK OF THE PIGALLE NAKED A DECAYING PANTHER SAGA—PANTHEA DEPICTED AS THE FAMOUS AND FABRICATED OR AUSTRALIAN—

THIS IS HIS TALE

# I KILL TO LIVE



"I DON'T  
BELIEVE YOU  
ARE CHILDREN  
OF THE WESTERN  
WORLD. I DON'T  
BELIEVE YOU  
ARE CHILDREN  
THAT I  
CAN EVER MAKE  
PRAISEABLE."



"WHEN I WAS  
ABOUT FIVE YEARS  
OLD, I WITNESSED  
A SADFUL CON-  
FRONTATION  
BETWEEN MR.  
SILVERTON — THEY  
CALLED HIM SO  
BY MY MOTHER —  
CERTAIN GENT-  
LEMEN ABOUT  
HIS 'WIFE' —  
AND HE SWUNG  
ON HER WITH AN  
AXE..."



"MY FATHER  
SUSPECTED AND  
DISCOVERED MY MOTHER  
BEFORE ANY OTHERS —  
HE WOULD SAY —  
HE'S BODY GUARDED  
THERE. THE AXE  
DAMN DAID, THE  
BLOND-SKinned  
FELLOWS..."



"...HE JUST STOOD BROOKFIELD HIGH & ADAM  
THAT'S LOOKING DOWN AT HER..."

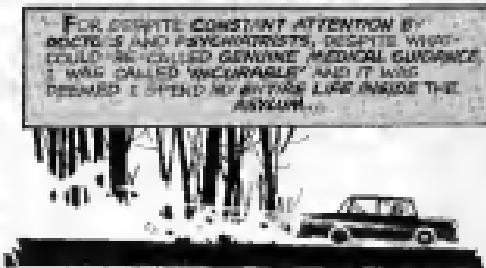
"FAIRLY NOT THAT I DREW MY MOTHER IN FACT I BETRAYED  
HER, FOR SHE RESENTED ME AND FELT I WOULD SOMEHOW  
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SOFT DEATH OF HER SISTER AND HER HUSBAND  
I PICKED UP THE AXE AND SPLUT OPEN MY MOTHER'S SKULL..."



... THEY TOOK ME  
TO AN ASYLUM...

... AND THERE  
I GREW UP...

... AND THERE  
I GREW OLD...



WHO IS THERE?  
IS SOMEBODY IN THE  
BOAT SHOT?



CH. 445  
THE END

ANSWER



**A**GAIN I MURMURED—  
SQUEEZED A FIST OF SOOT  
AROUND HER PINK AND  
SOFT HAIR.



... BUT, MARY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH ANGELLE.  
I HAD TO GET HER OUT OF THE COUNTRY ALL BY HERSELF AND  
THAT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO DO IT, SO I TALKED WITH FRED,  
AND HE TALKED WITH MARY, AND THEY TALKED IT OVER ALSO.—

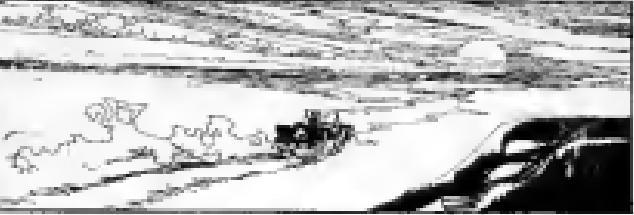
## **ESCAPED LUNATIC SLAYS 5 PEOPLE**

THE NORTH AMERICAN



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"...THE NEWSPAPER STORY MADE  
ME EXPLODE NATIONAL NEWS—  
AND I WAS HUNTED BY EVERY  
POLICEMAN IN THE STATE—I  
FLUNG THE CITY TO THE OUTBACK..."



"WHERE I HOPE, I WOULD FIND  
SOME PEACE AND QUIETNESS—I HOPED  
I WOULD FIND A DESERTED CAMP  
OR SOMETHING WHERE I COULD BE  
LEFT ALONE—FREE OF THE ASYLUM  
AND FREE OF POLICE..."



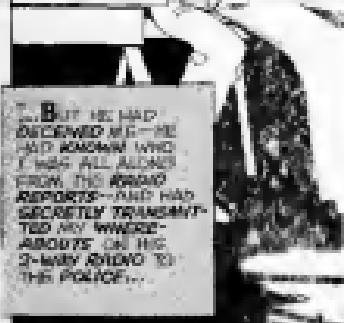
"...A WILD DOG APPROACHED  
ME—I FOUND HIM WANDERING  
ABOUT HOMELESSLY DECOMPOSED  
BODY OF A DOG.—  
WHICH IS MINE DOG—I WAS THANK-  
FUL FOR HIS COMPANIONSHIP AND  
PROTECTION."



"I CAME UPON THE  
DISHEVELLED FORM OF AN OLD MAN  
WHO OFFERED ME  
FOOD AND ASKED  
ME NO QUESTIONS  
—I ANSWERED  
HE WAS LONELY  
AND IN NEED OF  
A COMPANION..."

"I RETURNED  
TO FRIENDSHIP—I CALMED  
UP HIS HOMESTEAD COOKED  
MEALS—HE'S THE FIRST MAN  
IN MY LIFE I FEEL LIKE A  
REAL PERSON..."







"I KNEW MORE  
POLICEMAN WOULD  
COMING. I KNEW  
THEY'D LEAVE  
ME TO THE ENDS  
OF THE EARTH--  
ESPECIALLY NOW  
THAT I HAD KILLED  
TWO OF THEIR  
KIND... I TOOK  
MY ONLY FRIEND  
AND MADE INTO  
THE AREAS..."



"...THEN, OH, HORRORS!—A SNAKE SLITHERED SILENTLY AND A POISONOUS BAND OF FUMIGATION SWELLED UP WITHIN ME—I WAS PETRIFIED—MY HEART STOPPED—I COULD NOT BREATHE... I SCREAMED..."



"...AND SHRIEKED MY DOG AT HIM—OH, HORROR! OH, HORROR! WHAT COULD I DO—SOO POISONOUS AM I—I WAS SOO HORRORIFIED MYSELF WITH FEAR..."



"...THE SNAKE ATTACHED MY FRIEND IN A HORROR! IT FILLED HIS VEINS WITH POISON MEANT FOR ME..."



"...THEN I PICKED UP ANOTHER BOULDER—ONE TO TAKE MY FRIEND OUT OF HIS MIND! IT HAD BEEN TRAINED—THE DOLY FRIEND I HAD IN THIS WORLD...—AND I DROPPED THE BOULDER AND CRUSHED HIS HEAD...—THANK THE LORD, MY FRIEND DIED INSTANTLY!"

"...I KILLED THE SNAKE WITH A BOULDER—I CRUSHED IT..."



"WELL--THAT CAN'T  
BE THE END OF YOUR  
STORY! COMPOSE  
YOURSELF, HAG! NOW  
AND YOU DIE--"  
PARRY THE STAB!  
STOP HIDING--  
FINISH YOUR STORY!"



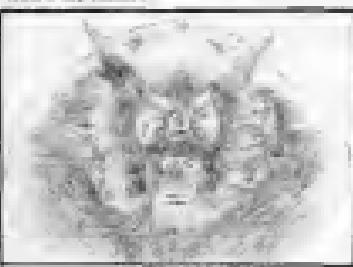
"...AND ENDED MY  
WRETCHED, BLOODY LIFE WITH  
A SINGLE SWING OF THE  
AWFUL BLADE..."

SAY--IS MY TALE  
NEXT: DEAD--  
ON THE COUNT OF TEN!"

# SCREAM MATHBAG

"... still an HEAP, what's the matter?"

The issue #13 of your HORROR-MOOD publication of MYTHOLOGY was made known of the end of your fantastic HEAP series. You ended the story with a couple of "YES HEAP . . . NO HEAP" NOTE, and you said, that if there were enough votes in, you would continue the HEAP stage. This is very good, and the response was almost unanimous. I was equally shocked, when in issue #13 of MYTHOLOGY (Issue back cover), you announced the RETURN of the HEAP. One thing is certain . . . it is now issue #13, and STILL no HEAP! What's the matter?



Here's the story, the WHOLE story . . .

. . . sometime ago, when the HEAP made his debut in MYTHOLOGY as our HORROR-MOOD DOCTOR character showed promise. Although the idea of THE HEAP was a genius from others than the character he possessed did have promise, it became very popular, particularly when Paul Morris took over the job character. The issues featuring the HEAP stories, from #10-SHOWBOLD going into the HORROR-MOODS, were very popular. Then, as you know, a new artist took over the last two chapters of THE HEAP — what can we say, in all honesty, about those last two chapters that have not already been said — they were REALLY BAD! We were disappointed. We assumed justice would prevail on overwhelming YES HEAP VOTES to return THE HEAP and to the one who became dynamic GREAT artist. So we contacted our old work of Mystery Valentine, who promptly left to do something else type work. We then had our last three #10-SHOWBOLD stories. THAT is followed up with a NEW and entirely weird HEAP character (by MYSTERYVAL), because we were DETERMINED to do it RIGHT at all. Then after #10-SHOWBOLD we were disappointed again with #10-SHOWBOLD — working in a concert at United Stage City — we have no guarantee ANYONE showed up to do the HEAP HEAP part, so we had to take another a continuation chapter which is appearing at this time at the moment. The HEAP is not dead — far from it, owners had interests, negative aspects, in the case AGAIN AND AGAIN dead — in particular the unsigned portion of death. The NEW HEAP is to come and fully-DYNAMIC — by the latest HORROR-MOOD artist and one of the finest artists in all of history. You DO have to wait just a few more months — but it'll be well WORTH the wait. HEAP leaves you in for the SHOCK of the DECADE! when THE HEAP RETURNS!

WELCOME to the eleventh issue  
of SCREAM . . .

. . . A RECENTLY bought of  
issues from Mrs. P.M. COR-  
BETTE . . .

"The best story in NIGHTMARE AND THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE THE STORY FAR EXCEEDED THE OTHERS IN THIS ISSUE AND THE GROSSGOTH SERIES IS VERY INTERESTING. My favorite of the HORROR-MOOD story is THE SULTHER-SUMMA, cause it's very exciting. THE ANT WAS FANTASTIC, AND I LOVED THE SCRIBT. I like HORROR-MOOD magazine because in my opinion they are the best in illustrated TALES OF HORROR. FOR SHITTY SOME TIME I WAS STUCK WITH YOUR COMPETITOR'S JUNK, BUT THEN I DISCOVERED THE HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE AND IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AND I WILL NEVER GO BACK AGAIN. MY FAVORITE HORROR-MOOD artist is awarded RICHARD WILIAMSON. My favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is JAMES KELLY (SCREAM #5). My favorite type of story is HORROR. I like photofeatures are THE ONLY PHOTO FEATURES THAT I LIKED. WERE THE MOVIE REVIEWS AND PREVIEWS. My favorite HORROR-MOOD story title is CASTLE OF THE WARMING DEAD. My favorite HORROR-MOOD characters are THE HUMAN GARGOYLES. My favorite HORROR-MOOD series is THE SHOGOOTH MYTHEL. I think most stories are ALRIGHT IF THEY ARE KEPT DOWN TO ABOUT ONE EVERY TWO ISSUES (NOT MORE THAN THAT).

A BRIEFNOT BUNCH OF QUESTIONS . . . FOR ZOD-EMANUAE, of READING, PA — the best story in SCREAM #1 is "MY PRISON IN HELL" by gaynor Alan Hammett in a horrifically twisted. His series gives him a good chance to develop characters like Meekness. Carter's art was exceedingly exciting. Hammett's stories went down and got series — we should have a HORROR-MOOD HOTLINE COLUMN which would offer a behind the scenes look at SHOWBOLD and other news and previews. Also, organize your issues more and grid complete index — T.L. RUSSELL (SHOWBOLD) of New York, BILL MURPHY of Maryland — THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are brilliant — the art is fantastic — the characters save and participate — T.M. MICHAEL CORCORAN of Maine — next to my second-favorite miniature devils of the time and death, SCREAM tops my fancy list . . .

. . . don't forget SCREAM No. 11, right on sale . . . featuring the VICTORIA and ROBERTATO — whoa boy ya'll . . .



THE ALL-NEW ISSUE OF SCREAM COMES OUT OF PRINTERS ON THE 8th. An unpreceded shipment to Outer Space is being prepared — which will be 2000 . . . see you in AUGUST!



## MONSTER MONSTER

The strongest weapons ever to appear RETURN to the pages of MONSTER in the new issue of the MONSTER MONSTER! And New artist PAUL FINEGOLD (from previous *MARVEL TALES PRESENTS*) is given the opportunity to prove himself. In chapter 1, "THE HOUSE OF BLOODY DEATH," and in the second chapter, "THE HOUSE OF DEATH," new art will appear in every issue until it's completed. Watch MONSTER continuing chapter 9 — when DUSTY hits 37.



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THESE ARE  
PROFOUND  
LIVING  
HABITS... ACT  
THE WAY  
OF PEOPLE  
BUT HUMAN  
BEINGS  
MIGHTY AS GODS



BUT LIKE  
KNIGHTS AND  
QUEENS THERE  
ARE  
GODS...  
AND  
THEY ARE  
NOT  
ALWAYS  
GOOD

WHEN I THOUGHT  
I KNEW BETTER  
THAN HE  
ISN'T IT?



"NAME OF WHOM DYE TO MAKE THE REST OF A LIFE  
THAT HAS ANYTHING TO OFFER..."

I'M GOING DOWN  
TO THE BUREAU WITH  
MISS IF COLD WEATHER  
HAS ANYTHING  
FOR ME TO DO



"IN FACT, DON'T THINK  
THAT WE PLATE HORNS ON."



THE HORROR OF IT BEGAN OFF AGAIN. THE SIGHT OF PRIZED BLOOD. PARENTHESIS THROUGH HIS HOSPITALS. AND HE FLEES. ALMOST FLICK, GRABBED THE WALL FOR BALANCE. THIS GROWLY THING BEFORE HIM CHUCK LAUGHED AND LIVED. AND WENT IN MOTION. IT WAS A FRIEND. A HATED FRIEND. BUT NOW... AHOY! IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A GROWLY LUMP OF ANIMALS. FORMALLY THERE IS NOBODY TO BE SAVED, BUT UNTIL HADDOCK SEES THE SIGHT. AND EVERYONE KNOWS.

# YOU CAN'T JUDGE A KILLER BY THE CORPSE!



IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT... A FEW GUNSHOTS, QUICKLY JETTED  
MOTORS, AND THE BODY IS CASTED AWAY. ONLY THE HORROR  
REMAINS.



YOU'LL LET US KNOW...  
IF ANYTHING TURNS UP?

BATCH: ERNST,  
DON'T THINK WE'LL  
GET AWAY THOUGH...  
SOME THINGS LIKE THIS  
ARE UNUSUALLY PRETTY  
HARD TO TRAIL DOWN.



BUT I WILL  
LET YOU KNOW.



ERNST:  
THOUGH  
HE ADVISED  
THEM  
TO ALONE  
BE  
KEPT  
IN TOUCH  
WITH  
HIM.  
PAUL  
WAITED.

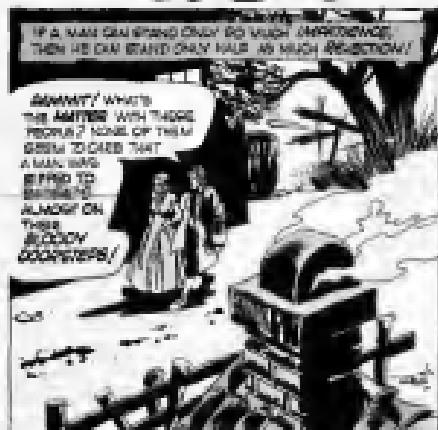
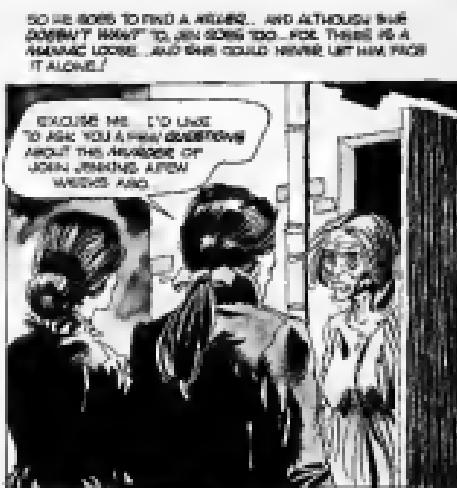


FLASH FORWARD THROUGH THE AGONY OF LOSING A FRIEND... A  
GOOD FRIEND, WAITING WITH HIS SON,  
GOD BLESS HIM.

SAT A MAN CAMPING OUT IN A FOREST... DO  
NOTHING FOR JUST A CERTAIN LENGTH OF TIME  
AND FINALLY ULTIMATELY AN IMPROVISED  
CAMPFIRE!

JANNEY? I'M NOT  
COMING TO GET AROUND  
LIKE THIS ANY LONGER!  
IF THE BLOODY POLICE  
WON'T FIND JOHN'S  
KILLER, I  
WILL!

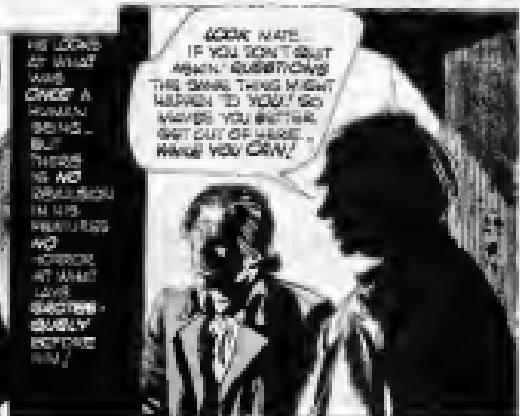




TO-MORROW, ANOTHER DAY TO BE FACED LIKE  
AN OTHER, WITH UNKNOWN, UNKNOWN  
DISEASE... AND OTHER THINGS...



ONCE MORE HE CAN SMELL THE BLOOD... HEAR  
THE FLESH CHURNING ABOUT... BUT HE IGNORES  
BOTH AS THE DOOR IN FRONT OF HIM SLOWLY  
OPENS...



THE DOOR SWUNG IN HIS FACE ABRAHAM AND RAN OUT EVER SO RUSHED SOMETHING PRESSED TO HIS BLAINE'S PALM.

REACHING INTO HIS POCKET  
HE FOUND SOMETHING PRESSING TO HIS BLAINE'S PALM.



BUT HE CAN'T QUITE SWALLOW IT. HE MOVES FASTER... HE FOUND AN ANSWER... AND BY GOD HELL ACT DID IT!



THIS IS WHAT HE WAS THINKING:  
"A, HE'S THE KILLER! / TOLD ME THAT HE DIDN'T  
STOP HOGGIN' AROUND  
THE SAME TIME  
WOULD MARCH  
TO ARK!"

"LAWD LAWDEE,  
WHO'S THE CULP?"



"WHAT!"





SURE IT'S THEIR JOB  
AND SURE THEY CAN DO  
IT... BUT THEY MIGHT...  
BUT I SURE AS HELL  
HADLY I'LL FINISH IT  
BEFORE THEM! THEY  
SHOULD COULD!



A NEW RASH CONTINUED... BUT BEHIND THE HORSES IS  
HATRED... HATRED FOR THE HUMAN FORM THAT COULD  
INCONSCIOUSLY BETTER HUMANS A LIVING BREATHING  
HUMAN BEING! SO WHEN NIGHT COMES, THAT HATRED  
HAS RESTED...



CAUGHT AND A  
HORSE! READING  
SHEATH AND ITSELF!

I SAID  
C'MONIN'



HE WALKS WITH A HORSE! A COUPLE OF HORSES!  
A WOOLY HORSE WILL BE REMOVED THIS NIGHT, AND  
WE WILL BE THE PREDATOR OR REPRODUCTION!



HE PAUSED FOR A MOMENT...  
BUT ONLY A MOMENT! THERE  
IS TIME LEFT FOR NOTHING  
BUT ACTION!

14

14.



LONG AFTER LIFE HAS LEFT THE BLOODY FLESH ROLL,  
CONTINUED TO MARCH AND STRIKE, PUFFING FISTS  
OF BLOODY FLESH FROM WATENED BONES.



UNTIL SOMETHING ENERGY SPENT.  
HE STOP... AND SANITY OF A  
BOAT, RETURN TO HIS SQUDED  
BOD...



IT'S FINISHED  
SEN... I've  
ADDRESSED JOHN'S  
DEATH!



REMEMBERED IN THE STOOL OF HIS BRAIN A VOICE TELLS HIM  
WHAT A FOOL HE HAS BEEN, BUT HE HAS LITTLE TIME TO  
LISTEN...



SO VERY LITTLE  
TIME DO  
ANYTHING!



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SHE WALKS, WEARING THE  
STONE OF ALL WHO ARE HERE...

...BOUNDED ON  
LAWLESS HEAVEN...

...WHO BEARING A  
PERILANT SECRET  
THAT CANNOT BE  
UNFORGOTTEN!

LIVE IN DISGRACE HACHIMOTO,  
THE IDOL OF LOST  
FANTASIES, THE GLORY  
OF A THOUSAND  
ELEGANT NIGHTS...

...GUARDIAN FROM WITHIN  
THE DARK GARDENS OF THE  
GUARDIAN OF HELL!

WHAT IS  
HAPPENING?

OH PLEASE  
GOOL...  
STOP THAT  
PAIN! STOP THE  
PAIN!



written by RICHARD HICKOK  
illustrated by LOUIE COLLINS

# WHO ARE THEY?

# THE BREEDERS!

WELL, IT'S SUNDAY, AND I WANTED TO GET HOME, SO I TALKED THE DOG INTO GOING ON A LONG HIKING TRIP. I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE GOT THE IDEA FROM, BUT HE'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT DANGEROUS THINGS FOR MONTHS.

"MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE!"

"SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE!  
MURKIN! — SOMEONE CALL THEM!"

"I THINK...  
I THINK I'M GOING TO...  
RECK..."

THAT'S REASONABLE, AND APPROPRIATE REACTIONS, AND CONSIDERABLE EVIDENCE OF A LOCAL GENERAL PLASTIC JAIL. THE MURKINS AREN'T HOSTILE OR VIOLENT, EITHER; THEY ARE PROTECTED FROM THE BRADDOCK JAIL BY GUARDS.

"GOTCHA!"  
BUT HIS IDENTIFICATION GAVE SHIRLEY ANXIETY.  
WE BOTH TELL HER MURKIN SOMETHING.

"...AND YOU SAY SHE JUST WALKED IN  
HARL AND THEN YOU  
MADE SCREAMS?"

"SHIR, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!"

"SHE WAS... AT HIS LIVING IN  
THE BARNAGE... OVER THERE,  
NEAR THE COAL."

"THEN YOU RAN  
IN, AND YOU TURELY  
SCREAMED?"

"HEAR THE  
CART PERIOD."

"AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE...  
UNLUCK WE FIND OUT  
HOW SHE DIED!"

THE RAILROAD IS BROKEN AND LEFT THEM  
DOWN TOWERS... AGAINE, A MAN STANDS  
LOCKED OVER THE ANTRAL STREAM,  
HOLLOW... EXHAUSTING, BYRNE  
MISLEADED, THEY ARE ABLE TO HIS  
GOVERNMENT!

"SOME KIND OF  
POISONING?" THEN SHE  
KNOWS THAT POSSIBLY?

WHAT ISN'T OF NOTE THAT  
MAY SHOULD ONE REVENGE  
FOR YEARS HAS SAT  
MUCH AS BACK, I  
THAT ENTHRALLED  
ABANDONED TO ME  
EVEN WITH HER!

...NOW,  
WHEN TRANSFORMED  
PERFECT BEAUTY...

...NOW...

AFTER THE CRIME, WHEN A  
NEW WOMAN WAS SCULPTURED  
FROM THE CEMETERY OF THE OLD,  
AND DREW MY LOVE FOR HER  
WITH JEALOUSY...

WHY NOW?

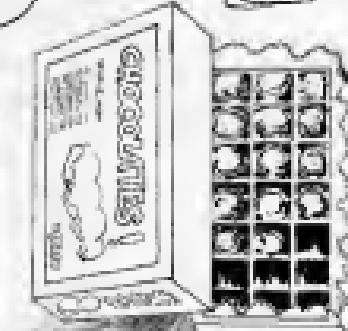
STICKEN WITH PETHOLEUM, GONE  
THE HUSBAND TOUCHES ON WHAT  
HE FEELS IS THE SOURCE OF HIS  
WOMANHOOD SINCE IS EASY,

THE CHOCOLATES!  
IT HAD TO BE THESE DAFT  
CHOCOLATES WITH THEIR  
OUTRAGEOUS BUT TRUE  
ARROGANCE!

I MUST FIND AMONG  
THOSE THINGS AND MAKE  
SEARCH THEM OUT!

BLOODY...  
WITHOUT FALTERS... HE GOT OUTTO  
SERVING THOSE WHO HAVE  
MURDERED HIS WIFE! A  
SOME CIVILIAN... AND VARIOUS  
AVENGER... HE LAUNCHED  
HIMSELF UPON THE STREETS OF  
THE CITY!

I HAVE TO FIND THE  
AVENGER TO KILL,  
CRAZY! NOW!  
BEFORE  
OTHERS SHARE  
MEI FATE!



WITH GUNSHOOTING DREAM DRIVING HIM MAD,  
THE MURKED COMES TO THE DRUG STORE  
WHERE HIS WIFE BOUGHT HER "FORNORMED."  
DEBT CLOSER!



LACKING THE NORMAL SOURCE OF  
INFORMATION, THE EXHAUSTED HUSBAND  
CHARGED THEM THE FRONT DOOR OF  
SHOPS!



AS THE DRUG STORE OWNER TRIED TO  
PROCLAIM HIS INNOCENCE, HE FOULD  
THE ARMS AND LEGS TURNED AROUND HIS  
FACEDOWNED BODY.



HERE IT IS!  
1220 SOUTH  
MICHIGAN—  
ONLY A FEW  
BLOCKS AWAY!

WITHIN THE HOUR HE FINDS HIMSELF  
WALKING UP THE STONE STEPS OF  
AN ANCIENT VICTORIAN MANSION!

YOU HAVE COME  
WELL MY PETE!  
TODAY HAS BEEN  
GOOD PETE!  
SLEEP...  
TOMORROW... YOU  
SHALL LEARN  
YOUR...  
MY NEW  
OPPRESSORS!

THE GADMAN CROSSES THE  
BROUNT SEAMED FLOOR. NO  
THE PENTHOUSE OF SILENCE  
AND ANTECEDENT HUMILITY  
LACK THE AIR, THE WATERSHED  
OF 488 THAT ACCORDS HIS  
HEAD AND BACK IN LENGTH  
COMPARING THE DANGEROUS CLO  
IN YOUR LIFE IS ALONE...

HERE  
A VERY FINE  
HABEAS PRIVADO!

SILENCE FOR ME PETE!

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY,  
WHAT IS GOING ON?



**YOU!**  
YOU OLD MAN, ARE  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE  
DEATH OF MY UNCLE!  
YOU KILLED THE CHILDREN...  
...THE CHOCOLATES...  
...THAT KILLED HER!  
HOW COULD YOU FOLLOW ME?  
YOU WANT THEM TO TAKE ME HOME.  
YOU... SWELL ONE!

IT IS TRUE...  
I MUST CALL THE  
"FEDERATION PARTY"  
PET CHOCOLATES  
IT IS ONLY PET CHOCOLATES,  
FOR I AM THE  
GRANDMOTHER OF  
THE BREEDERS!

WITH A PLEAD RECOMMEND THE ANGELIC HILARIOUS  
NEIGHBOURS ACROSS THE PERIODIC TABLE AND  
CLUTCHING THE OLD MAN IN HIS CANNIBALIST ARMS!

WHO THE  
HELL ARE  
THE  
BREEDERS?  
WHAT DO THEY  
WANT ME TO DO  
WITH MY  
WIFE'S DEATH? WHERE  
ARE THEY?

TOP OF STAIRS  
FIRST ROOM...

UNIVERSAL BY THE FLUORINE STRANGE PARASITES  
LIES SCATTERED AROUND THE FEET OF THE OLD  
MAN... THE EYES DUE OF THE TAPWAN...

WHILE THE MURKED HUMMING  
THE FIRST SET OF STEPS...

**PLISSEY!**  
DO NOT KILL THEM!  
THEY ARE HERE TO  
ABDUCT MANKIND;  
THEY MEAN NO  
ONE HARM!  
DO NOT  
THROW THEM!

APACHE IS HEADED  
FROM BELOW!

I BLESS UP YOU  
DO NOT DISTURB  
THIS! I  
THEY DO NOT  
KNOW YOU!  
THEY WILL NOT  
IN PEACE!

STORY: MELISSA  
ARTISTS: JEFFREY

I HEARD THE ROOM, AND IS AWAKENED...  
...AND THREW THE BLINDS, CAN SEE  
AWAY. (SCREAMING) AND REMAINANT  
NO ONE REACHING DRAUGHTS  
AND EXTERIOR DAYLIGHT.



WHEN THE RIBBONED THUMPING  
OF THE CONVICTING BODY  
DRIVES THE OLD MAN SICKLES  
HIS WAY BACK TO THE ROOM...

THE AMERICAN SPOTTED BY  
WATER, ILLUMINATING THE  
ENTER ROOM AND ALL  
OF ITS CONTENTS.  
WITHIN THE PLEASURES  
SHADOWS OF THE LIGHT,  
STRANGE AND DISGUSTING  
CARNAL BUTTERY!

THEY ARE ATTRACTED TO  
THE LIGHT, LIKE FLESH TO  
A LION, ATTRACTED TO  
THE SCENT OF THE  
CHILLED FLESH...

FOR THEY ARE THE  
**BREEDERS**, AND IT IS  
NOT WITH THEM,  
TAPESTRY WHICH  
TO LEAVE A MEAL  
UNHORNED!



SACK TO YOGA,  
BASKETS MY PETS!  
THE FOOD IS ALL GONE!  
YOU MUST CREATE MORE  
EXHIBITING...  
FOR THE CHOCOLATES  
CANDIES ARE WAITING...  
AND THOUSANDS OF  
DISTINCT AMERICANS  
LEAD TO USE THOSE  
EXTRA POUNDS!  
LET'S TRY TO MAKE  
THEM HAPPY SHALL WE?



# The Exorcist



BY STEPHEN RICHARDSON

A long time after the release of "THE EXORCIST," and a long time after the ACADEMY AWARDS ceremony where it won, THE HORROR-WOOD TEAM decided it might be a good idea. Everybody in the business, everybody involved in it, had been talking about the movie's success and the way it had been received by critics and by people who are like interested in religious matters. We, everyone, had no felt a religious passion. To make something to last. In the process, other than the *Exorcist* movie. For in fact this movie has a short. Consideration in the article: ANDREW MELLER, who looks at the movie; EDWARD PEPPER, who looks at the book and the movie; and AL HARRINGTON, who looks at everything else, have very varying views on the merits of the movie. And this feature tells exactly how we think and feel about *THE EXORCIST*.



# THE EXORCIST



Review by

## THE EXORCIST

by EDWARD FEDOREY

Against all the stories extrapolations that seems to grow like weeds around *THE EXORCIST*—why you think they're more true, the original novel or movie that you can't pass a bookstore today without the word "exorcism" lurking at you from between some gaudy International Harvester bumper stickers—there have been coming out with "Exorcist" Supplements in the papers. But the main one of the most odd took up their gangly tales figures, in every major paper we have had stories about people who had weird reactions to the movie, or people who went off the prescribed "edge" . . . the to me, and to author William Peter Blatty, is to quote my friend, Dennis—with a capital "D," it would seem to be REAL here, if one thinks that these people were walking the streets by force to make the movie. I say, just as saying THE EXORCIST might seem to suggest they wanted psychopathological here, then the movie has done nothing a good job; these people probably would have gone crazy for years.

Well, after reading, you are probably asking yourself why I am coding this review at *THE EXORCIST* now? There is tons of talk up on the newsmagazines already! Well, to answer this, I'd have to say that it is the policy of the *SEXTETAL* line of magazines to keep their readers informed and up-to-date with what's happening in the arts, concerning all things within the borders of the magazine. More than a dozen of the most popular I have already done for you in *PSYCHO* with I wanted to give you some of my ideas on both the subject, William Peter Blatty, and the style of horror he wants.

When you read *THE EXORCIST*, you'll immediately realize from the book and those last few pages of the story, you are no longer an impartial judge of right and wrong, but become an active character in a situation of other times. Another example of time and dynamic writing can be found in Blatty's last-published book, *PATRICK, TWINS*, "RELIGION" NAME. One can really draw similarities between *THE EXORCIST*—Peter Krause, and Dennis Hopper, L. Rose in *PATRICK, TWINS* . . . it seems that Blatty's pen has a flair for the quiet, intensely mysterious and disturbed type of media figure. Quiet, yet inside we are such prototypical for the two-worlds . . . such, a pillar of strength, understanding, reserved and melancholic.

In the movie *THE EXORCIST*, the character of Father Karras is played by Jason Miller. One cannot help but wonder why his part was not developed in the original projections in the screenplay as it was in the novel. Perhaps Blatty did this intentionally . . . perhaps he felt the moving public demanded a little more action and a little less philosophy and thought. As you can really see, this is all extraneous. But, I feel Karras should have been the primary focus in the movie as he was in the book. The novel focuses on Karras as the central figure, while in the movie, it appears that the roles shifted so that Regan (the young girl, played by Linda Blair) was an angel-creature.

What is so unique about *THE EXORCIST*? Why has it been such a success? I can, and that one of the major factors is the power of the book, and the movie is in the power of factor that is being brought to the public. *THE EXORCIST* is *exorcism*, represented in a series of elements surrounding human. This is quite apparent in the words, psychological and extremely earthy terms that Edger Allan Poe gave us. If you feel that Poe is in the opinion of *REAL* human, you should forget about buying or reading *THE EXORCIST*, because you won't be prepared to cope with horror in its deepest form. The thoughts of having someone in control of your body . . . of someone else's operating independently of the host . . . of having your head twisted a bit till it ceases . . . of being forced to live and kill like your own body—*THE. TO ME. IS. HUMAN*.

Horror is always at its best when its surroundings are familiar to us, and when places could be more familiar to most of the readers than Washington, D.C., The period in there is also crucial. What is that atmosphere better supposed to take place? The element of the grotesque comes to western when we find that our mother material is about something that took place two hundred years ago, in *THE EXORCIST*, the time is *now* . . . horror is realized less some revealed, dangerous growth until you find yourself cowering, or least wondering if such a thing as darkness (horror) is possible.

If you want to be turned out of your socks . . . if you want the thrill of being terrified at the shadows that play across your bedroom walls in jagged light . . . if you want to reexperience the frightening settings that forced themselves through your system when you were in child, then READ and SEE—*THE EXORCIST*!

THE SOUND OF  
**THE EXORCIST**

**The Crossroads  
That Wasn't**  
by Augustus Fitch PINEHILL.

There are certain elements that all good spiritual methods in order to be called good *methods*. These two most important elements are a solid good and solid purpose. But beyond these, there are, in my opinion, a third very important point of any good method, and that is the *practicality*. This means of any method is a kind of invariable proportion, and can be used to handle virtually any situation. Then again, it must be supported by *assurance*, the highest consciousness of the *doer*, acting as his own *conductor*, and did I further say, must be agreed upon.

In which there, like, nothing  
exists but about the spirit of  
the Beethoven, rather, it is about  
the body of music in the Beetho-  
ven. And because of that lack,  
he has suffered so at least, to  
the last.

Who would not think something wrong if they heard Harry Maguire's version of the Boston Lure, the '3d' during a John Stetson Country concert? However well, if the wrong major is used, one is hearing no music. Perhaps the lack of a conductor, or worse, to say, Styxish bad-temper, it may be enough to irritate others.

Those who aim the people toward the first few hours of others omitted TUBULAR BELLS, but, oddly, they based so much TUBULAR BELLS on an album recorded in late 1974-'75 by a band named Three O'clock. It is perhaps one of the best pieces of reggae ever written, and although the music could easily have been the entire thing is absent.

Whether you enjoyed the novel or not, you have to admit it's a little depressing place, what better than a quiet place nowdays? Consider the establishments plagued by Charlie, and decide for yourself whether it has been deteriorating, deteriorating, and deteriorating, and how it has helped us through. Great Plains, Bismarck, Sioux City, Omaha, Denver, Fort Collins,



Illustrated by GENE BELL



*Mammalia* Galapagos Islands  
H. A. Bishop. Lower  
order, Testacea, and pro-  
toplasmic embryos. This is only  
one of his three, and it is not even  
a complete book. It is, however, in  
two volumes. The first  
one uses words originally  
written by him, and is that  
of *Gasteropoda*, called *Monographia*.  
The second volume follows  
through to the *Mollusca*.

People who have seen the series often know that the next month or the month after have done nothing but exaggerated the progress and horrors. The result is not, however, everything it is held to be, repeated properly, the imagination suggests and heightens all the horrors which have been much more systematic, much more terrible.

The next place about the back of round is the first arrangement at TUBULAR BELLS as painted by the Sign of Justice the year 1610. At these market or town meetings, trials, interrogations, etc., were held. The Sign of the Jester is painted for the Excellent Property-keeper. There is nothing remaining on TUBULAR BELLS that could not have fit right in place.

For me, there is no chance of being caught on a search-track. A number of my acquaintances heard the pistol shots; they saw the smoke, as I did, and when it was over they commented on the look. I personally walked back without fear the following evening to visit my old, at the most dramatic point, but was left empty, being forced to rely on others whom he had set up. At other times, however, he was most vindictive, and though my friends had to be paid off, he would. They wanted

What can I say about the  
music in a film that had no  
music? I could tell you who  
the performers of the others, but  
what good would that do?  
There's another music lover out  
there who has heard and performed  
THESE SONGS but who  
haven't seen the movie (there  
must be someone somewhere).  
I also don't want you thinking you're  
not getting my pleasure from the  
soundtrack. We don't expect the  
experience. It doesn't exist.

# THE EXORCIST

卷之三

After the war, the U.S. government established the National Defense Science Commission, which had the task of identifying and developing scientific research projects that could be useful to the military. The commission's work led to the development of the first atomic bomb, as well as many other important scientific discoveries. In 1946, the commission was renamed the National Science Foundation, and its mission expanded to include all areas of science and engineering. Today, the foundation is one of the largest sources of funding for basic research in the United States, supporting a wide range of scientific disciplines, from physics and chemistry to biology and environmental science.

wasn't immediately available, he learned his background about Catholic education from a lot of people who were deeply involved in it. And those people had a strong sense of the importance of the church's role in education.



- ONCE UPON A MIDSUMMER DREARY WHILE I PONDERED, NEARLY AND NEARLY... THERE CAME A TAPPAH... AS OF SOMETHING GRIEFLY RAPPING, RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

- THE FAMILIAR CHIMMING LEADS TO THE MOST FAMOUS HORROR POEM IN THE WORLD...

# EDGAR ALLAN POE'S RAVEN

THE WORDS OF TALES MEN ARE KNOWN TO US ALL... THE FAMOUS RHYME OF THE BLACK AND CO. SON OF "THE RAVEN" AS FORMERLY REWRITTEN IN MODERN HORROR STORIES TO DENOTE AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DEPRESSION AND DISEASE.

- BUT WHAT'S THE POINT ABOUT IT? WHAT DID POE REALLY MEAN IN HIS CRYPTIC POETIC MESSAGE?... WE HAVE RECONSTRUCTED AND DRAWHIZED THE EVENTS OF THAT SAD DECEMBER NIGHT IN 1845... AND THIS IS THE SAD TALE OF...

## MR. POE AND THE RAVEN



STORY BY PETER CARRASCO



DRAWN BY DENIS VOLD



...WHILE I BOUGHT TO  
Borrow From My Books  
The Camp Of Scaron, As  
Scaron For My Lost  
Lenore...  
...

...THESE ROCKS DO ME  
NO GOOD... I SEEK TO  
BURRY MYSELF IN THEM TO  
FORGET THE HORRORS  
OF LENORE'S DEATH  
BUT...  
...

—BUT...  
I CAN THINK...  
OF  
NOTHING  
ELSE BUT  
LENORE

...MY  
LOST  
LENORE



...WHILE I MOVED AWAY MAPPING, SUDDENLY  
THERE CAME A TAPPING, OF SOMEONE GENTLY  
TAPPING, TAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

—SIR...  
OH MADAM... I  
WAS SLEEPING...  
WHO IS THERE?

...HERE I OPENED UPON THE DOCKT DARKNESS: THERE AND  
NOTHING MORE...



WHO IS  
HERE... IS  
THERE NO ONE  
HERE?

—PERHAPS  
THE GHOST OF MY  
LOST LENORE?

SOON I HEARD A TAPPING, MORE THAN LOUDER  
THAN BEFORE, AND AT THE BROWNE, THERE STOOD A SKATEY  
WOMAN... WHO STAYED THERE NOT A MINUTE, BUT FLEW  
ABOVE THE CHAMBER DOOR AND FLEWED UPON A  
BUST...

THOU  
QUICKLY GROW AND  
ANCIENT RAVIN...  
WHY ACT THOU HERE?...  
RAVE THOU WORD OF  
MY LENORE?...

NEVERMORE

A  
MESSAGE  
FROM BEYOND  
THIS LIFE FROM  
LENORE

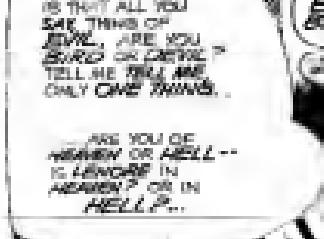
NEVER-  
MORE

WRETCH! WHO  
WIT SENT THE?  
LENORE? LENORE? OR  
SATAN DE GOO OR  
MANO? TO TAINT HER.  
TO ROCK MY LOVE  
FOR LENORE?...





ALL THE ARMED STYL  
ARMED STILL I SITTING  
THE BEAST ACCORD MY CHAMBER  
DOOR FEL LAMP-BUT A  
MAN SPREADING IN SHADOW  
IN THE FLOOR AND IN GONE  
SIGHT SO THAT SHADOW  
BY FLOOR AND UNCHANCE...





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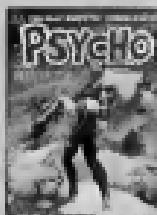
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MASK B10



MASK C10



MASK D10



MASK E10



MASK F10



MASK G10

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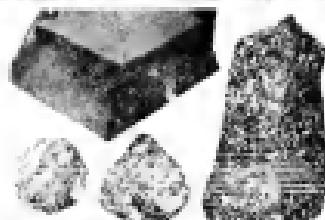
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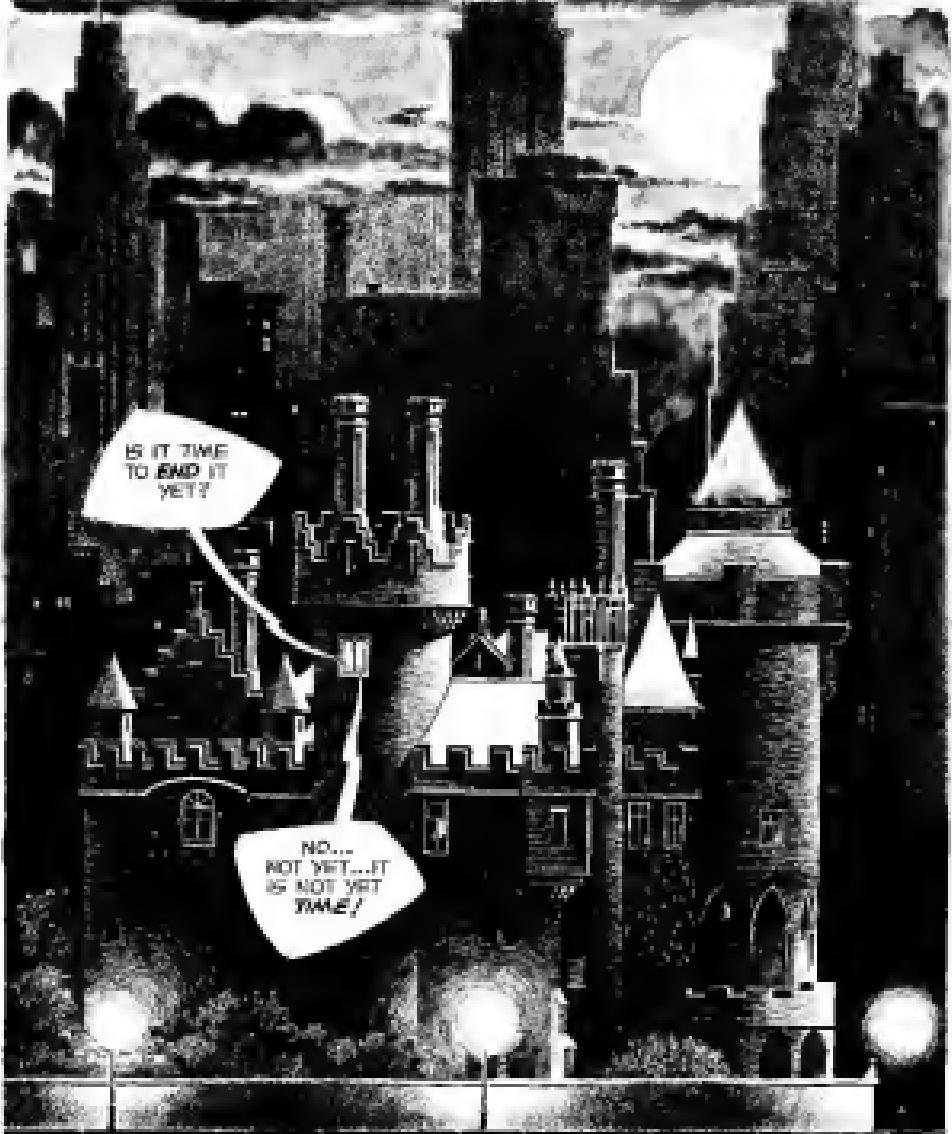




THIS...IS THE CONTINUING SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...CHAPTER 5...AND WE ARE DRAWING NEAR TO A CLOSE IN THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEY FORSTER AND ANNE ADAMS...

...AND NOW...IT IS TIME FOR SOME HARD N' GOOD ANSWERS...

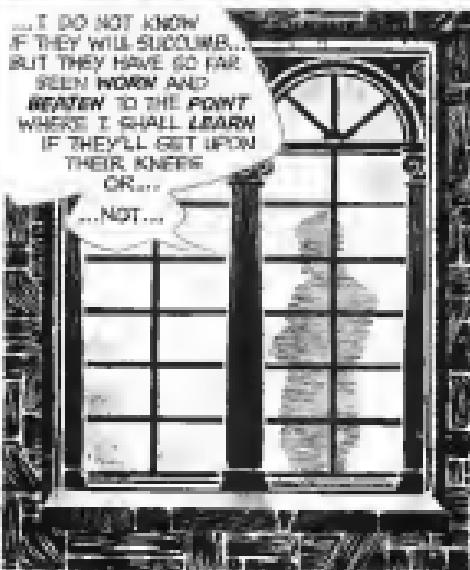
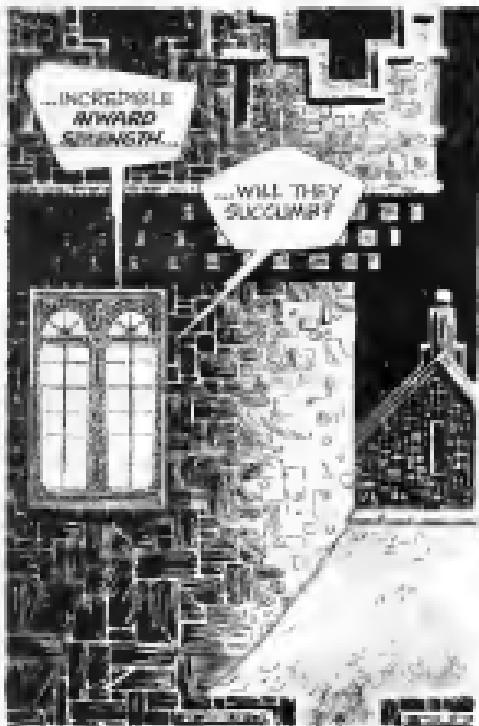
# THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS



IS IT TIME  
TO END IT  
YET?

NO...  
NOT YET...IT  
IS NOT YET  
TIME!

THE TALE OF THE VICTIMS IS NOW NEARLY  
OVER, THO' THEY DO NOT KNOW IT YET...



...THIS IS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD...THIS IS AFRICA...THE VICTIMS ARE WITHIN  
THE MIGHTY HANDS OF A SUB-HUMAN MONSTER BEING WHO IS ABOUT TO SQUASH  
THEIR LIVES OUT...

...THE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN NEAR-DROWNED, NEAR-DIED, OFTEN...THEY HAVE BEEN  
BRUTALLY BEATEN AND TORMENTED IN A SEEMINGLESS ENDLESS SERIES OF  
LUNATIC SITUATIONS...  


...THOSE WHO DRAWN AN ULTIMATE  
REASON FOR THEIR DEATHS  
WANT SOME SOULFUL WORD ANSWERS  
AS WE BEGIN CHAPTER 2 OF THE  
SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...

## I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY

...YOU WITLESS  
GIRLS ARE  
ABOUT TO

**DIE!**

Written by  
ALAN HAWTHORPE  
Illustrated by RENDO

25  
50  
75



...WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

NO...IT'S HAPPENING...  
THO' WE'RE IN THE GRIP  
OF SOMETHING AIN'T TO  
A NIGHTMARE THERE IS  
NO POLICE. IT IS  
HAPPENING!

HAD THE PAIN  
HAS VANISHED...  
ALONG WITH EVERYTHING  
ELSE...COULD IT BE  
THAT...THAT THIS ISN'T  
REALLY HAPPENING?

...WE'RE IN A  
DESERT...IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A GOD-  
DAMNED DESERT!

WH...

ANNE...I THINK  
WE'RE ABOUT TO GET  
THE WORST OF IT  
RIGHT ABOUT NOW...

MIS...  
I THINK  
SO...

YOUR  
VOICE...IS SET-  
TING VERY  
TWIN...

...I THINK, I'M GOING TO  
CRY...I THINK...I'M  
GOING TO BURY DOWN ON MY  
KNEES AND PRAY...



...OH, GOD... GOD...  
THE SAND...  
CHOKING MY LUNGS...  
I CAN'T  
BREATHE...

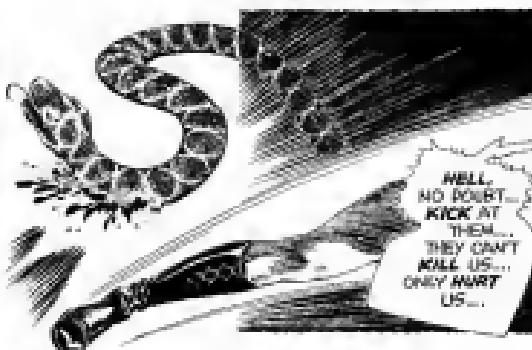
...IT'S  
RIPPING  
MY  
SKIN...

IT'S DYING OUT, ANNE...  
HOLD ON... HOLD ON TO  
YOUR MIND  
ABOVE ALL...

...AND WE'RE  
STILL ALIVE... WE  
COULDN'T LIVE THROUGH  
SOMETHING LIKE THAT UNDER  
NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES...  
UNPROTECTED... OUT  
IN THE OPEN LIKE  
THIS...

...YES...  
SOMETHING IS  
CHALLENGING US... CHAL-  
LENGING US WHY I DON'T  
KNOW BUT WE ARE NOT GOING  
TO DIE... WE ARE JUST  
GOING TO BE TORMENTED...

...JUST  
TORMENTED IT...



THE GROUND  
IS SHAKING  
UNDERNEATH  
OUR FEET...



THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF THE  
MACHINES...THIS IS THE TEATMENT THEY  
GIVE MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS  
THROWN INTO CHAOS AND HELL...TRY  
PURRED TO MAKE THEM BREAK AND BUR-  
CUM...WHICH THEY NOT SUCCEDED



...WHY DO THEY NOT GIVE UP  
AND ADMIT THE TORTURE AND  
THE PAIN AND THE ENDLESS  
AGONY IS TOO MUCH FOR  
THEM?...WHY?

...PERHAPS BECAUSE  
THEY SENSE THERE IS  
MORE THAN JUST THE  
SIMPLE ADMIRATION OF  
DISPISE INVOLVED...

...PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY REAL-  
IZE THAT NO-ONE IS GOING TO  
GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF BREAK-  
ING THEM WITHOUT A POWERFUL  
REASON...

...AND PERHAPS THIS KNOWL-  
EDGE IS UNCONSCIOUS  
KNOWLEDGE...PERHAPS THEY CAN  
NOT SPEAK THEIR INWARD FEEL-  
INGS TO EACH OTHER BUT THEY  
UNDoubtedly DON'T HAVE TO...



...WHAT  
KIND OF PLACE  
IS THIS?

IT APPEARS  
TO BE AN UNDER-  
GROUND TUNNEL...  
OR SEVERAL  
TUNNELS... IS THERE  
ANY POINT IN US  
TRYING TO GO  
DOWN ONLY...

...NO... I  
DON'T THINK THERE'S  
ANY POINT IN TRYING  
TO ESCAPE... WE CAN  
NOT ESCAPE... WE  
MUST JUST ENDURE.





NO, JOSEY,  
NO, JOSEY FOR GOD'S  
SAKE DON'T SAY  
THAT...

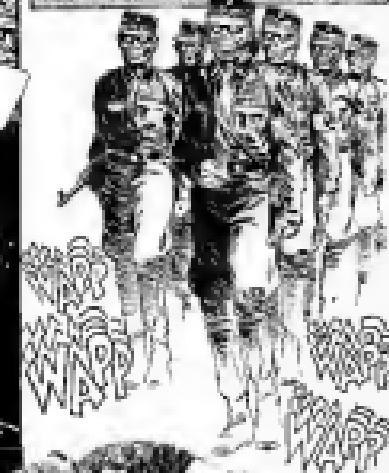
...THEY CLOSED THEIR EYES THO'  
AND THEY SUCCEDED AT LEAST TO  
A PETAL POSITION... AND THEY  
RODDED THEMSELVES UP INTO SUCH  
LITTLE PARADES THAT THEY BARELY  
EXISTED...

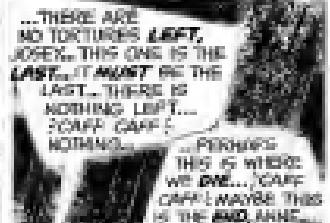
...FOLKS, NOW...

...NO... I  
MUST HANG  
ONTO LIFE  
...I  
MUST...

WAAPP  
WAAPP  
WAAPP

...AND WHEN THE CORPSES WHO WERE ONCE WAAPP STORM  
PROPHETS MARCHED OVER THEM, THEY DID NOT FEEL IT  
TOO MUCH FOR THEIR MINDS WERE A MILLION YEARS  
AWAY IN ANOTHER PLACE AND IN ANOTHER TIME...





THEY ARE WITH US  
THEIR FRIENDS AND  
LOVERS, THEIR MOUNTAINS,  
THEIR SOIL, THEIR LAKE,  
THEY ARE HAVING THE  
IDEA OF AND THIS  
IDEA WILL BE NO BOND  
**FEAR** IS AN IDEA TO  
ENCOURAGE...



A grayscale image showing a dark, irregular shape against a lighter, textured background.

BUT WHEN THE THAMES IS CALLED UP TO A THERAPY IN EXTENT, THEY SAID AGAIN, THERE'S A HUNDRED OR THREE, FORTY-NINE AND ONE HUNDRED-THREE, WHICH IS ELEVEN TWELVE AND ONE NINETEEN UNITS, WHICH IS THE DAILY RECOMMENDED QUANTITY FOR AN ADULT, WHICH IS THIRTY-FIVE MILLION.



**STRUGGLE** THE  
WITH THE VARIOUS DR  
HEADS OF STATE  
THEM 爲頭頭們奮鬥



AND WHEN THEY  
REACH THE SUMMIT  
THEY SEE AGAIN A V  
AND AGAIN REINFOR  
CING THEIR  
POSITIONS...



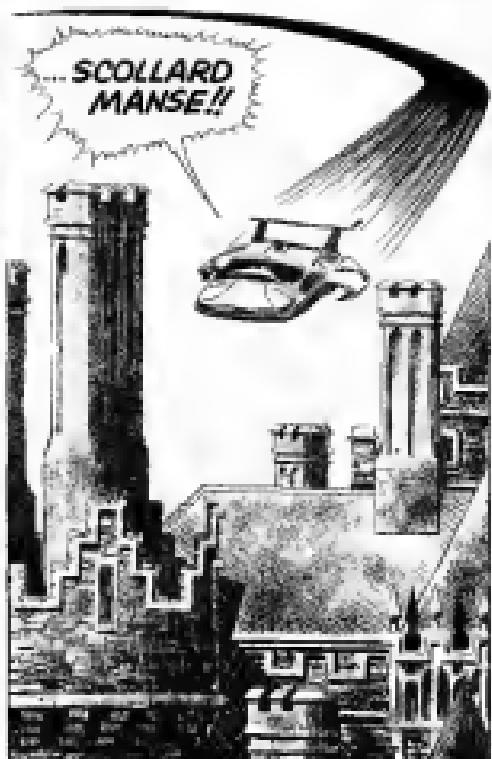


NO, YOU  
HAVE LOST!



**NOW...YOU MAY  
REST EASY...  
YOUR PERSONAL  
TORMENT IS  
OVER!**





...WE'RE FLYING  
RIGHT INSIDE IT AT  
HUNDREDS OF MILES  
PER HOUR!



...THIS IS NEAR THE  
END...A SINGLE CONCLUDING  
CHAPTER PRESENTS  
ALL THE ANSWERS TO ALL  
THE MAJOR QUESTIONS  
THAT CAN BE ASKED ABOUT  
**THE SAGA  
OF THE VICTIMS**

INSIDE THIS THING THAT IS  
NOW A SPACE-MACHINE-OF-SORTS,  
ONCE A SCHOOLS-CASTLE, TWO  
YOUNG AND VERY HUMAN GIRLS  
TOTALLY SHAKE WITH UNBRIDLED,  
ADMITTED FEAR...

Pooooooooooooow!

...WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGH  
THESE LAST FEW DAYS THEY NOW  
KNOW IS VERY LITTLE COMPARED  
WITH WHAT NOW FACES THEM...

...FOR AHEAD  
LIES AN ANSWER  
THEY KNOW THEY DO  
NOT WANT TO KNOW...

NEXT! WE CONCLUDE WITH CHAPTER 6:

**I AM WHAT I AM!**



## The Human Gargoyles

A very special selection of HUMAN GARGOYLE men... now — THE LEADER OF THE MUSCLE GARGOYLES on page 8, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE HUMAN GHOUL on page 10, and a special preview of a very special cover in the works... page 12

## Tradition of the Wolf

TRADITIONS are intended to handedly respect ancient customs... but traditions can live, and lives are meant to be broken... page 18

## Deathwalk

A walk straight into the tiny gates of eternal damnation... page 20

## Vampire Freaks

When a fresh idea to be a color guy he sometimes gets stamped out... when a whole gang of freaks try the WHOLE WORLD seems to stamp on them... page 24

## Fistful of Flesh

In a world of law any place to KILL a man? What if the man isn't a man at all but is a CRIMINAL VAMPIRE... page 28

## Snakewizard

The birth of a brand new horror character series by Argentine Pazzini — a SNAKE WIZARD... page 32

**NOW ON SALE**  
GET IT AT YOUR  
**HORROR-MOOD** MAGAZINE STORE





This is the  
face of

# SATAN

a face often  
seen in  
the pages of

# PSYCHO

in the  
next issue,  
on sale 12/30/74

# Blasty Comic Network

a subdivision of DCP

**DOWN Super Kitty!**

**Baaaaad kitty, no!**

**He heard you had leeched but weren't  
sharing. Pretty lame. Don't make  
Super Kitty hunt you down.**

**Got it SHARE it!**

**MEOWWWWWR!**

**SUPER-SASSAFRASS-SUM-BITCH's!**

**I HATE THE LEECHES**

**WHO NO SHARE! GROWL!**

**FIND'EM, CHEW'EM UP!**

**MAKE THEM MY NEW CHEW TOY!**



# SPROUTSCAN

PROFOUND EXPANSION

CC  
HORROR  
DCP